

RED ROBIN.

Come into my cabin, Red Robin,
Thrice welcome, blithe warbler, to me,
Now winter has got its white cap on,
And again thou com'st trembling to me.
Come, freely, hop into my pantry,
And partake of my plain humble fare,
I never was blessed with a dainty,
But what man and bird might share.

Three years have gone by, Red Robin,
Since first thou came trembling to me,
Alas! how things have altered, sweet warbler,
Since Mary proved false unto me;
I once had my wee bonnie lassie,
But away with another she is gone,
Her friends used to visit my cabin,
But, alas! now I sigh alone.

Sweet are thy wild notes, Red Robin,
They bring many a tear to my eye,
They call to my mind youthful pleasures,
When Mary sung sweetly to me.
Though pleasure gives way to sorrow,
And pleasure to millions gives pain,
Frail hope can ne'er delight a fond lover,
Life's comforts I sigh for in vain.

Then where is thy sweet-heart, Red Robin,
Go fetch her from house-top or tree,
I'll bid her be kind to thee, Robin,
Though false was my lassie to me;
Thou shall share every crumb on my table,
And sing the cold winter away,
I would never deceive thee, sweet birdy,
Let mortals use me as they may.